

BOOTHILL STAGE

by Rod Patterson

FRED YOST, station master at Rawhide, came out of his cubbyhole in the yellow-painted depot and spoke to the driver of the stagecoach. "Well, Steve, guess you'll be glad to see your brother again. Don't seem possible Danny's been gone two years."

Steve Tremper looped the ribbons

around the brake handle of the big Concord and swung down to the platform. He was a tall young man with a good-natured, bronzed face and a ready smile. But he wasn't smiling now. His light-blue eyes held a sudden tense uneasiness.

"How'd you know Danny was comin' home?" he demanded, a tinge



Half drowned though he was, Curran lifted his gun to finish the job he had started.

NUMBER XLVIII:

Καπα

Ταυ

Αλφα

Ομεγα

This is another in that seemingly endless cornucopia of program guides emanating from radio station KTAO (Radio True Blue) in Los Gatos, Calif.

This station, and all its many many volunteers, vibrate at 95,300,000,000,000 cycles per second, and then these many scintillations cascade down (the so-called 'Islets of Langerhams') from the kindly brow of Mount Uhmumhum, and thus run free and glad ('The Gladstoned Kids') into the many ears of Santa Clara Valley, which at last count, totalled some 2.2 million, not including those with excessive amounts of black, fine, sweeping hairs.

KTAO is, in spirit, every damn where. In body, we are usually found at 5 University Avenue, in Los Gatos, slightly to the west of the smogheaps called San Jose. Our telephone number is Flanders 4 - 6622. Our game is words and music; our methodology: incomprehensible.



PAYOFF

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AT RATTLESNAKE SPRINGS

Melvin P. Laird
Secretary
Department of Defense
Washington, D.C.

by Seth Ranger

10 January 1971

Dear Mr. Laird:

Many of us here in the Santa Clara Valley have heard of your commendable efforts to salvage the Lockheed Corporation through the infusion of some \$740,000,000 in loans and in grants. We here in Los Gatos are delighted that the government will be helping out one of our big 'neighbors' up the way. We have always been interested in and concerned with the business practices of this, our most giant area employer --- and sometimes, recently, we have found ourselves a bit nervous over the possibility that this monolith might have to shut down and leave us with several hundred acres of trackless waste in the form of empty asphalt parking lots, half-built missiles, and corpses of unusual cargo and fighter planes only half-realized.

Some of us here at KTAO were sitting around the other day thinking about how we as an operation are so near to The Lockheed Corporation ---in financial problems, if not in spirit. We were thinking that your generosity to them in their desperate need might invest to another organization which, although not so large, is also feeling a bit out of financial sorts. As a matter of fact, Cese (she's our subscription lady and, if you will pardon the expression, I think that she is our Mother Superior as well)---Cese

Who can assist this pal?

Dear Miss Rivers:

I am a widow and have to do something to support myself and have taken up writing song poems and I would like to get in touch with someone who can set them to music. Want to work on a royalty basis. Hope someone can help me out.—Mrs. Roberta Walton, 824 Patterson Avenue, S. W., Roanoke, Virginia

said that she had an idea that would save the Department of Defense several millions of dollars---maybe even hundreds of millions. And the cost would be only a small grant by you to KTAO.

Please, Mr. Laird: I don't want you to think that we are being greedy, or selfish, or envious. We wouldn't ask you for even half or a quarter or a tenth of what you have given Lockheed. Lord knows --- if you were to grant us three-quarters of a billion dollars as you have them---we would hardly know where to put it all, much less have any idea on how to spend it as intelligently as that group. I have trouble enough processing the \$7.50 and \$15 subscriptions that dribble across my desk once a week, and I think a check for \$750,000,000 would render my bookkeeper comatose for a month --- not to say alarm our bank which has never seen more than two digits in our account all winter.

No---although our financial innocence

may be on a par with Lockheed, please understand that our financial demands are hardly as onerous. (Someone has said that if we would just stop drinking so bloody much beer around here, our books would be balanced and I wouldn't have to be writing embarrassing letters like this to you;

On next week's line-up—E. B. Mann leads off a top issue with a fast-shooting, dynamite-packed full-length novel entitled OUT-LAW'S EDEN, the story of salty young Bill Ball who followed a gun-fogged trail into a renegade stronghold to tangle with the shrewdest, most ruthless owl-hooter who ever defied the law. Other outstanding yarns include PAYOFF AT POKER GULCH, by Ray Palmer Tracy; RACETRACK RETRIBUTION, by H. A. DeRosso; GUN RANCH, by Mark Lish, and JOURNEY UPSTREAM, by Jim Kjelgaard. And, of course, you'll find a full string of departments.

*"Clear out or we'll fire!" the girl
warned, and a cocked shotgun
emphasized the order.*

please understand, Mr. Laird: if your organization decides to make such a loan or grant to us--- we will not for a moment be spending it on something as foolish as beer.)

Now as we look at our books, we figure that we could make do with a grant of somewhere between \$750 and \$800 a month for the next few months---which should nicely do to keep these terrible bill collectors from calling me all hours of the day, breathing heavily, and asking me when the hell I think I am going to pay that bill due from last July, that box of records from Afghanistan we just had to have last October.

I can guess you are pretty puzzled by this request. I can just imagine you sitting there and thinking 'How in the hell am I going to justify a crazy ethnic-and-talk radio station to Representative Hébert, or Senator Eastland.' We too have been stewing as to how this grant could properly be called Defense budgeting --- since I will have to admit to you we haven't produced one single missile here at KTAO: no flame-throwers, no napalm bombs, no anti-personnel shells. I have to tell you that the closest thing we have done to actively demonstrate our love and devotion to country is to continue to receive---without protest---the 50 or 60 records a month from Army, and Navy, and Marine Recruiting which, since their message is a little heavy for our listeners, we turn over to Father Jacobs across the street. (I am delighted to tell you that he donates them to the Retarded Children's Center

Write to this Georgia farmerette—

Dear Miss Rivers:

Do hope there is room for one more lonely plea for Pen Pals in the Hollow Tree. I am a farm girl from north Georgia, five feet tall, have blue eyes and blond hair and am twenty-seven years old. Please print this and I promise to answer all comers, from everywhere, so come on, everybody, and sling some ink my way.—Era B. Lee, Route No. 1, Felton, Georgia

PAYOFF AT RATTLESNAKE SPRINGS

of San Jose---since he finds little use for them in his church services---and that there is no more enthusaistic nor patriotic group of would-be soldiers than down at that usually sad and heartbreaking institution.)

Anyway, that doesn't help you with the problem of defending this fairly large grant to KTAO to that ever-suspicious group of financial watchdogs at the House Armed Services Committee. In our effort to provide you with a reasonable excuse, we even thought of undertaking a project to broadcast radio messages to the Santa Clara Sheriff's Department in their ever continuing seek-and-destroy missions against the draftdodging crazies in the Santa Cruz Mountains, but then we were faced with the dangerous fact that we might be aiding in the destruction of the last of our listeners, and then your grant would be for naught.

No: we decided that the answer should somehow lie in the lesson of Lockheed; that somehow in their ability to convince the dollar-wise Department of Defense of the need of a billion dollar infusion ---ⁱⁿ that there should be some lesson for us all. It was then that Len Kesselman, a constant listener, critic, and well-wisher, suggested to Cese the UNbuilding program---which she kindly carried back to me.

"What you should do," she told me, as I was preparing nervously to write this letter, "is to offer to the Department of Defense not to build a certain airplane --- such as the C5A." Of course: by promising you that KTAO will undertake to develop absolutely no cargo, missile, or fighter airplane --- you and the

government will be absolutely assured that there is no need for an allocation of some several hundred million dollars now on research-and-develop-ment; and, more importantly---you will be absolutely assured that in four or five years we will not be knocking on your door, and demanding another huge, multi-million dollar grant to bail us out.

Simple? Mr. Laird: I think it's nigh about perfect. For a few thousand dollars, we will save the government millions: and you, and your successors will have KTAO to thank for the plaudits of a weary but grateful taxpayer who will only marvel at the massive savings.

What are **YOU** doing to defeat America's enemies?



NOT all of us can serve our country in uniform.

But every man in America can serve Uncle Sam by doing his job more efficiently than ever before — and thus help to outproduce the gangster nations, and smash "totalityranny" on the industrial front, as on the military and naval fronts!

It is your duty to secure the sound, practical training that will help you to perform your job better! There are several ways you can secure this training — and one which has proved its worth during the past

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PARDNERS OF THE BADLANDS

by Harry Sinclair Drago

The Story So Far:

Rainbow Ripley and his partner, Grumpy Gibbs, range detectives, receive an offer to accompany an expedition led by Professor Thaddeus Hammersley which is about to make an attempt to run the canyons of the Green and Colorado rivers, but they turn it down to accept a job from the Rocky Mountain Shortline. Their first assignment is to look into the wrecking of a freight train on Split Mountain, and they discover that the object of the wreck was

the "Silk Express," a train which travels once a month from Ogden to Denver carrying almost a million dollars' worth of raw silk. The Silk Express had been delayed because of a minor accident and the freight train had run on its time.

Unknown to Rainbow, the Hammersley Expedition is merely a blind for an attempt to raid the Silk Express, and to help him accomplish his ends, Hammersley, and his confidential secretary, a Japanese named Saburo Itchi, have hired Samson Brant and

One other thing, Mr. Laird. I would guess that you and the many many workers and officials at the Department of Defense are curious as to what sort of organization you would be getting involved with in this small grant. Are there any skeletons in the KTAO closet which might later turn out to be a nightmare in the hands of some imaginative newsman?

I know it will amuse you to know Mr. Laird that some of the less adventurous volunteers here at KTAO had the same sort of question about the Department of Defense. "Who are you getting in bed with?" they asked me. "How do you know that they won't be using you?" "Do you think there are any skeletons in their closet?"

In that, Mr. Laird, I have to resort to mere faith. As you have learned to trust Westinghouse, and Lockheed, and your many 'cost-plus' contractors --- so we will have to learn to trust you, and vice-versa. It's the least we can do when the need is so great.

Sincerely,

L.W.Milam
President

KTAO

PROGRAMS: JANUARY 21 TO JANUARY 27TH, 1971 SCHEDULE

Thursday, January 21

7 AM Aunt Cese gets up too early, and plays blues and ethnic and classical, and reads stuff to give you morning sickness.

11 am Kelly's Poetry Program. Full of surprises: live readings, real poets, and real poets' dogs.

11:30 An Interview by Aunt Cese.

Noon Edwin O Reischauer: John Kennedy's Ambassador to Japan speaks on "US Foreign Policy in the Far East." A speech recorded for KTAO at DeAnza College, courtesy B. Sheldon.

6 pm Jazz Freak. Two hours with Dwight Freeman. Sponsored by The Sweater Shawp of Los Gatos.

Friday, January 22

11 am The Relationship Between Violence and Spirituality. Dr Rollo May, from Esalen Inst. The beautifully spoken Existentialist psychologist --- recorded and loaned by Big Sur Recdngs.

NOON You Wouldn't Believe It! DEKOVEN PRESENTS! It's an acquired taste: the master of cornbread baroque, Dekoven, heard declaiming the virtues of Super! O! T! W! (Out of this world!). Listeners with specific reactions are invited to call and suggest whether we make this a permanent relationship! (Loaned by KING-FM, Seattle)

8 PM Jeff Smith with exquisite taste in rock and talk. Tonight: I Can Hear It Now---the 1960s, with W Cronkite, and F W Friendly.

11 PM Super Old Time Radio Mystery: X - 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD

7 AM O! Baroque! We! Love! You! W. Wade, the Dekoven of Los Gatos, with five pure hours of go-for-Baroque.

NOON Irish Genesis. H. McAllorum with a foine program, including o so honest ads ("Go to The Dutch Goose and Get

WANTED: Fifteen or twenty young men between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five who think they are tough, and are tough. Good pay and plenty of hard work and fighting for the right men, with opportunity for future security. Cream puffs needn't apply. Call Tuesday morning, in person, on editor of the *Evening Leader*.

WANTED: A two-fisted, hard-hitting man who can handle the above described tough customers. Applicants must be able to get a maximum of work and fight out of these men. Call Tuesday evening at the *Evening Leader* office. Ask for the editor.

PAYOFF AT RATTLESNAKE SPRINGS

Drunk" or "Memorex Makes Tape. Buy it!" Or "I've known Bob Nemes long enough to borrow money from him." (Until two or three pm).

3 Bluegrass with Al Knoth & jes' folks.

6 Ric Geogre and 'jes' gassed. He also gives body counts: 'On Highway 17 today I saw 12 dead dogs, 3 cats, a civet, and an opossum.'

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24

7 AM Al Whitaker does Romantic Chamber Music

11 AM Second in a series of programs on German Expressionism with Brecht and other poets.

3 PM Vernon Buck: Ethnic from his own collection---and none but the most honest (to 6).

MONDAY, JANUARY 25

11 AM Aunt Cese Interviews.

11:30 THE POETRY OF MADNESS. Another from Big Sur Recordings: Alan Watts, Allen Ginsberg.

12:15 DeKoven Presents: Cantata Domino.

6 PM Uncle Stu Grace with fine blues (to 8).

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26

11 AM The Psychology of Religious Awareness.

Dr. Abraham Maslow from Big Sur Recordings

NOON The 28th ANNUAL

ADVENT SERVICE OF LESSONS AND CAROLS (After the manner of King's College Chapel, Cam-

Lewis is doing his part---

Dear Miss Rivers:

Maybe you can find room to print my request for Pen Pals. I am a native of New York City and find I am lonesome here in Massachusetts. I work in a defense plant at night and don't have much time to get out and make friends. I would like to hear from everyone from eighteen years up and will try to write an interesting answer to each and everyone.—Lewis Nightingale, Charty Hotel, Springfield, Massachusetts

Here's a challenge, gals---

Dear Miss Rivers:

Hardly a week passes that I don't read Western Story, and I enjoy it very much, particularly the Hollow Tree. I have answered quite a few letters published there and have received many interesting replies, but this is the first time I have ever sent in a letter to be published. I am twenty-two years old, six feet two inches tall, and think my looks will just about pass—if you cannot see too good! Among others, my hobbies are: reading, writing, and repairing typewriters. I cannot dance, but would like to learn, so if any of you gals think you can teach me, I'll bet a surprise that you can't. Letters from all over the good old U. S. A. are welcome.—Michael Orlowsky, P. O. Box 95, West Haverstraw, New York

Dear Miss Rivers:

I have been a constant reader of Western Story for many years and think it is the best magazine published. In all these years this is my first letter to the Hollow Tree, so please print my plea. July 17th is my birthday, and I'm asking everyone who reads this letter, man or woman, regardless of age, to send me a scenic post card for a present. I'd like to have one from every State in the Union. I have just recently been dismissed from the hospital and I cannot get outdoors to enjoy life like others. I have always loved the great open spaces, and when feeling well spend many hours in the woods and on the prairie, and my hobby is cultivating flowers. Come on, pals, send me a post card and make my birthday a happy one.—Guss Y. Allen, 117 Texas Avenue, Woodward, Oklahoma

How about a cure for lonesomeness?

Dear Miss Rivers:

I am a widow and rather lonely, and would like very much to have some Pen Pals. I am sixty years old, but much younger-looking and people are as young as they look and feel, anyway. I weigh 112 pounds and am five feet tall and have brown eyes and gray hair. I love music, good shows, birds, flowers and everything in nature. I will be happy to answer any letters I may receive, so come on, Pen Pals, let's get busy and write.—Mrs. L. M. Rader, 2015 N. Henderson, Dallas, Texas

bridge, England). Recorded at St. Marks, Berkeley for KTAO by W. Alexander Hamilton.

1 PM DeKoven Presents: Handel's Alcina (KING-FM)

7 PM The Goodge Maintenance Hour; w/ Dr. Goodge.

11 PM Suspense: Old radio drama.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27

11 AM Linus Pauling back before he got on Vita-min C: "Fallout & Nuclear Warfare" (Verve Recs).

("Linus Pauling has a cold," is the latest story.)

NOON Paris Interview: a member of the N. Vietnam News Agency & NLF delegate (a scoop from KDNA)

1 PM DeKoven Presents: Vivaldi's Beatus Vir.

3 PM Daetreich Rathijens: classical & rock.

7 PM Toyota of Palo Alto and Ric von George.

+ + +

BESIDES THE PROGRAMS LISTED ABOVE, KTAO is on the air nigh about 24 hours, with classical & ethnic from 7 am - 11 am, ethnic and jazz and folk from 1 or so until midafternoon, shading into rock and blues and jazz all night long.

THIS PROGRAM GUIDE goes out to those who subscribe for \$15 a year, or \$7.50 for nine mos., or \$1 a month. Perish the mathematics.

JANUARY 24th, we will be typing KTAO Guide #50 --- the First Anniversary Issue. Submissions and memories invited. Drawings and dreams, too.

This is guide No. Forty-eight of the continuing series.

NEW SPONSORS THIS

WEEK: Undulator Water Beds; The Aquarian Age Art Center (of San Jose); Gallery de New Almaden, San Jose.

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CRIME IS AN ENEMY

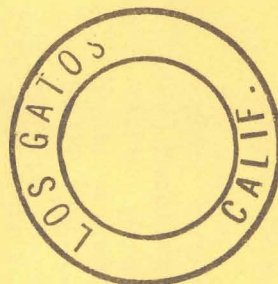
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